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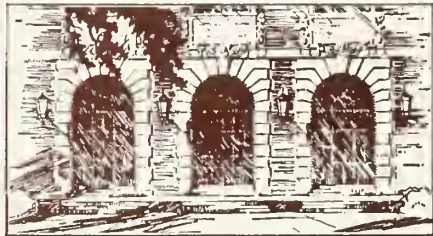
Mrs. Elva Gilchrist Rinehart, comp.

Hills Grove, Illinois: Its Early
History. (1925)

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Hills Grove, Illinois
Its Early History



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Its Early History

Compiled by Mrs. Elva Gilchrist Rinehart

1925

S. C. Davidson, Publisher, Carthage, Illinois

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PREFACE

BELIEVING that the history of the early days of Hills Grove would be interesting, we have written this book.

Today the stories of pioneer life are not often heard for the hushed lips do not tell of the fire place, spinning wheel and loom. Seed time and harvest have a different meaning to us than it had to those of the other days. Husking bees, apple parings and spelling matches are not among our social gatherings and this small book is sent forth to preserve the traditions of the past.

Nineteen persons have written the copy for our little volume, another has sent the drawing, and the forefathers of each were at one time a part of our little colony. The present home of Mrs. Nellie Owen Griffiths is in the state of Washington and Dr. Minerva Knott's in California where our land reaches as far toward the West as it can; while Rev. Charles S. Holton lives where the Atlantic washes our eastern shore.

The others, who have contributed, live near the scenes where their parents and grandparents settled nearly a century ago.

It could not have been written without the cheering cooperation of each one who has taken a part.

Thanks are extended to others who have helped with their suggestions, advice and words of encouragement. The work has been made pleasant by the kind words of appreciation which came from many sources and especially from those who have passed their three score years and ten.

The compensation to all who have assisted in any way will be found in the gratitude of those who are interested in this little book, The Early History of Hills Grove.

—MRS. ELVA GILCHRIST RINEHART.

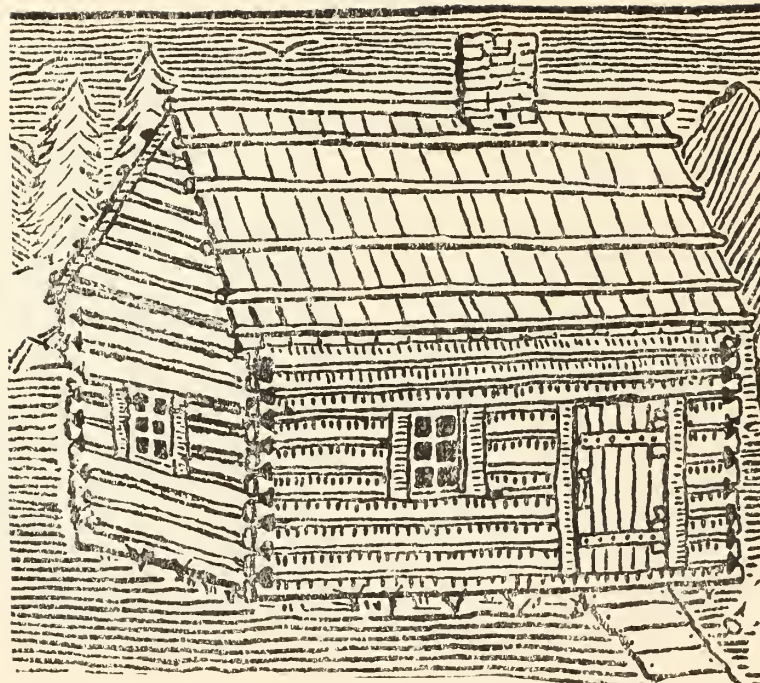
DEDICATION

*The dear old Seminary
Sweet memories round thee cling;
Its rough hewn walls and hard slab seats,
Our homage to thee we bring.*

*We think of Uncle Isaac Holton,
The man of brain and will,
And his good wife, Aunt Phoebe
Who sleep near by on the hill.*

*And as I pass their grass grown graves,
I always pause and think
That life is just a fleeting span,
We are standing on the brink.*

Mrs. Mary Decker Webb.



—Drawing by Richard Gilchrist Breeden.

HILLS GROVE SEMINARY 1837.

THE HILLS GROVE SEMINARY

MRS. JULIA HOLTON FERRIS.

THE School House at Hills Grove was built by my father, Isaac Holton, in 1836 or 1837. It was built as soon after he came to Illinois as he could interest the people in the movement. It was what we should call now a community house or center as well as a school. It was built of logs hauled in from the neighboring woods. In the old times when a house or barn was to be built, all the men of the surrounding country got together to help raise the logs in place, hence the terms "house-raising" and "log-rolling." The logs were hewn and notched at each end so that they would fit into each other and make a firm wall. On the day set, the wives planned for a big dinner for their part in the undertaking.

The man who was best fitted for superintending the work gave directions as log after log was rolled into place with great shoutings.

The seminary, as we called the school building, was a one-story structure with a loft above, 20x24 feet on the ground. It faced the south with the entrance door near the southeast corner. There was a window about the middle of the south wall, another so located in the north wall

with one in each end. The door was fastened merely by a peg in a hole in the door casing. In the History of McDonough County published in 1885 it is said to have been a station of the "underground railroad" for escaping slaves. It stood in what is now George Foley's front yard.

To heat the seminary, father had a sheet iron stove made in which we burned wood (as coal was not yet dug from the mines of Colchester). The stove stood a little east of the center of the room and the wraps, caps and dinner pails were hung on wooden pegs on the east wall.

The floor was of split logs hewn flat with ax and adze, of the type called puncheon. Of course the nails were wrought, home-made by a blacksmith, about two inches long and as big around as a lead pencil. The roof was of split shingles, now sometimes called "shakes"—split from a straight grained log about thirty inches long. We called them clapboards. They were held in place by long poles laid on top of the clapboards at the overlap.

The seats were of logs split, with auger holes bored in rounded side for the wooden legs, thus

having the flat side up. Some legs were made shorter for the smaller children's benches. Later there were desks, each for two persons, with a shelf below for books, slate and pencils. There was a desk on a raised platform where father sat as teacher, keeping rather strict discipline as I well remember. This desk was used as a pulpit on Sundays.

Father always used a bell to call the children in morning, noon and recess. The bell he used was the one he had used in his former schools, a brass bell with a wooden handle about ten inches in height and for a long time after his death we had it in our home.

My father taught the common branches to the children of the neighborhood but he also had a class of young men whom he was instructing in the languages, mathematics and other subjects preparing them for college. Some of these young men later became prominent citizens of the state.

I do not know definitely what father received for teaching but think it was a certain sum per

month for each scholar and it was probably paid in labor or produce.

I well remember those happy days. We had recess morning and afternoon. The children coming from a distance brought their lunches in dinner pails. We played the many children's games: such as, black man, blind man's buff, ante-over, etc.

The seminary was also used on Sunday for church and Sunday school as well as for all other community gatherings. The room was lighted by candles in those early days and it was customary to announce evening meetings "at early candle lighting."

Asal Fulkerson bought this building in 1877, (it having been used for a dwelling for sixteen years by Jacob Fousal and his family) for fifteen dollars (\$15.00). The floor had to be taken up with a crowbar. The building was knocked apart and taken to Mr. Fulkerson's place. The logs were marked in successive numbers and the building was re-erected as it formerly stood except the windows, as it was to be used as a barn.

ROSWELL TYRRELL, THE FIRST SETTLER

MRS. NELLIE OWEN GRIFFITS, GRANDDAUGHTER.

ROSWELL TYRRELL, one of the early settlers of Hills Grove, McDonough county, Illinois, was the son of Abijah and Naomi Tyrrell; he was born near Hartford, Connecticut, on May 23, 1798. In early life he showed the peculiar traits of a character which made him noted in after years; he was always a steady lad attending closely to his duties on the farm and in the common school pursuing his studies with zeal.

In the beginning of the war of 1812, Roswell was too young to enlist but later, when but 16 years of age, he enrolled in the army and served until the close of the war. The year following when he received his discharge he returned to Trumbull county, Ohio, which was then his home and where he remained until the spring of 1819. There being some difficulty in regard to his discharge papers, he went on foot to Washington, D. C., to have the mistake corrected and, after having the matter rectified, he started west on foot intending to settle in the State of Illinois. He reached Madison county in the fall, remaining there four years when he moved to Fulton county where on the 22d day of February, 1823, near Lewistown, he was married to Miss Mary Ann

Sidwell, with whom he lived happily until death called her away in May, 1828, leaving him with one daughter, Elizabeth.

Mr. Tyrrell received, as a pension from the U. S. government, for service in the war, a land warrant for 160 acres of land, which warrant he sold and with the proceeds in 1826, purchased a quarter section on Section 29 in what is now Tennessee township which he held until his death.

In the fall of 1830 he came over from Fulton county, erected his cabin and returned for his family; while he was gone the big snow came of which so much was heard, necessitating his remaining away until the following spring when he returned and effected a permanent settlement.

On the 8th of July he was again married to Miss Hannah Ann Brooks. One daughter, Eglen-tine, was born unto them. The second Mrs. Tyrrell died in 1852.

In April, 1849, in company with several others he started on the overland journey to California in search of gold, arriving at his destination in about seven months. He endured

many hardships such as losing his oxen and having to walk a great deal of the latter part of his journey, but he returned home in 1852, having been quite successful after reaching California.

Mr. Tyrrell was never a member of a church though the second great commandment "To love thy neighbor as thyself" was carried out to the letter; no man stood higher in the esteem of the community and no one ever doubted his word. It was said that the cabin which he erected in 1830 was the first home of nearly every family in

the Hills Grove settlement and no one could prevail on him to accept one cent for rent.

Roswell Tyrrell departed this life on the 13th day of April, 1872, being at that time 72 years old. He left but one daughter, Mrs. Ambers G. Owen to mourn his loss but her grief was shared by friends, neighbors and the citizens of the county in general and probably no man's death was more regretted than that of Roswell Tyrrell, "The Old Pioneer."



HUGH McDONOUGH, SENIOR

CHARLES McDONOUGH, GRANDSON.

HUGH McDONOUGH, SR., who was born in Ireland in 1798, came to the vicinity of Hills Grove in 1831 and lived with Roswell Tyrrell till he built his cabin on section 31 in Tennessee township. He came from Owen county, Kentucky, with his wife, Mary, and six children.

Cornelius, the eldest, married Maria Dimviddy and had five children, three of whom, Sam, Joseph and Catherine are deceased; Leo lives in Kansas City, Missouri, and Mary Seymore in Salina, Kansas.

Hugh McDonough, Jr., came to Hills Grove with his parents when eight years of age; he was married in April, 1849, to Mary Moore who came from Canada. Five boys came to this home: Leo, who married Carrie Saunders, died in 1907; Adolphus married Sarah Morrow and died in 1902; George died in 1923; Harvey when a baby and Charles, who married Sarah Broadhead, is the last of this family.

Elizabeth married William Sammons and had one daughter, Mary, who is deceased.

Leo married Melvina Ross and to them were

born three children, Walter, Hugh and Katie; only Hugh is living and is in Seattle, Washington.

John married Mary Goslin and there were five children in their family; Minnie died in young womanhood and there are living Cornelius, who married Stella Thompson; John, whose wife was Nora Hankins; Lizzie Jones and Marie Bagly.

Sarah died when seventeen years of age.

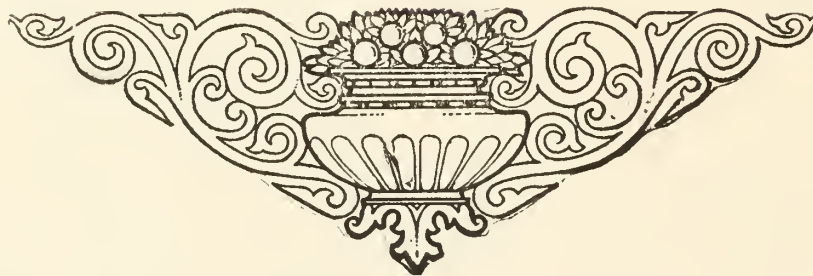
Edward McDonough, born in April, 1832, was the first white child born in this township; he married Amanda Buzan and spent the greater part of his life in Macomb. They had three children: William, who married Georgia Venard, Katie Lawrence and Hugh.

When the McDonoughs came to this country it was a wild wilderness; it was forty miles to the nearest market, Quincy or Warsaw, and the trip which required four days was made with an ox team.

In the latter part of the thirties my grandfather built a saw mill, which was run by water power, on Crooked Creek two miles north of Hills Grove and a great part of the lumber that was

used in the homes and other buildings of our village and vicinity came from this mill. It was one of the first saw mills in western Illinois, was manufactured in the East, brought by boat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi rivers to Warsaw

and hauled by oxen to the mill site. There is lumber in some of the buildings on Charles McDonough's farm that was made in this mill and I have one of the wrenches that was used there.



JAMES FULKERSON

WILLIAM S. OWEN, GRANDSON.

JAMES FULKERSON was born at Fall Creek near Jonesboro in Washington county, Tennessee, on June 21, 1797, and on February 18, 1818, married Elizabeth Hanna Waddill, who was born near Notichucky river in East Tennessee on June 21, 1799. Their home was in Washington county till the fall of 1831 when they loaded their big schooner wagon and started for Illinois. His brother, Abram Fulkerson and wife came with them also two young men, James Waddill and Henry Mears. James Fulkerson's children at this time were Elizabeth, Charles and Margaret, and his wife rode horseback the greater part of the journey carrying Margaret in her lap.

The party arrived at Morgan county, Illinois, where they wintered but continued their journey in the spring. On April 9, 1832, they went into camp on section 28 of what was afterwards named Tennessee township and located on a part of this section and of section 29. The place where they camped and later built their cabin is marked by two ancient, ragged, homely white-oak trees that stand together in a field east of the railroad crossing that is northwest of the W. W. Wilson home. The next morning, while breakfast was

being prepared, the boy, Charles, spied a big black bear reared up on its haunches watching the newcomers; the men with guns and dogs gave chase, the bear was soon killed and the families well supplied with meat.

The first sermon preached in this township was in the Fulkerson home in the spring of 1832, by Rev. Valentine Wilson, a Methodist preacher.

The settlers made nearly everything they used or wore. From the wool of their sheep they spun their yarn and on hand-made looms the yarn was woven into blankets and cloth from which their clothing was made. The fibre of the flax was spun and woven into linen cloth. They made their ropes and twine of hemp fibre. The "women folks" did the most of the work of preparing the ubre and wool which they spun, wove and colored, as well as sewing it oy hand into garments. The men tanned hides and made the leather into shoes. The farmer harvested his grain with sickle or cradle and bound it by hand. To thresh their wheat or rye, horses were shut in a pen that had a solid clean dirt floor; on this floor bundles of grain had been thrown and the horses kept moving to tramp the grain out of the straw; the

wheat was shaken on a bed sheet on a windy day so that the wind might blow the chaff away. The wheat that was used for the family bread was ground by a mill on Spoon river thirty or forty miles away.

Rattle snakes and other poisonous serpents were plentiful and did much harm biting people and killing stock, Abram Fulkerson being one who was bitten by a rattler which later caused his death. Chills and fever also played havoc.

When the Fulkerson's came here, they brought horses and cattle which in time died from

snake bites. When the Waddills, who had been their neighbors in Tennessee, settled in the vicinity they sold to James Fulkerson some of their black muley cows which they brought with them and the William Owen family have in their herd at present descendants of this same stock.

James Fulkerson had several striking traits of character; he was very intelligent, brave, industrious, persevering, very conscientious and religious. He and his wife were the parents of the following children: Mrs. Elizabeth Webb, Charles W., Mrs. Margaret Owen, Thomas, Mrs. Mary A. Lord and Martha.



JOHN WADDILL

JAMES M. WADDILL, GRANDSON.

JOHN WADDILL was born near Jonesboro, Washington county, Tennessee, Oct. 3, 1800. His parents were Charles and Margaret (King) Waddill, both natives of the state of Tennessee. There he was reared and married to Elizabeth Roiston.

In the fall of 1833 he moved with his family to McDonough county, Illinois, and entered land in Tennessee and Lamoine townships and a part of this land still belongs to his descendants.

After coming to this country, he killed many a deer which could be found a short distance from his house. Grandfather built a two story log house south and east of where the Benjamin Waddill house now stands and on the east side of the railroad, which stood for many years after his death. Under the stairway of this house was

a closet in which he would go, close the door and loudly pray. He made shoes for his family and I have a pair of home made lasts which he used. I have his cane which has a deer-horn head and also the bail of the bucket in which he watered his horses when coming to this country; it was carried hanging under the wagon.

He died in 1877. The children were Sarah, who married Thomas Sammons; Margaret, who became Mrs. Marvin Cook; Rachel, married Thomas Griffiths; Charles W.; Susan, who married William Cook; John Wesley, who died in 1858, and Benjamin. There was one step-sister, Mrs. Jane Morrow Hughes, and her brother, Samuel Morrow and also Thornton and Richard Broadhead; Samuel was a young man and Thornton was seven years old when their mother married John Waddill.

Charles Waddill.

CHARLES W. WADDILL was born in 1830 in the same place where his father was born, and came to this county when three years of age. In 1860 he bought land in section 32 of Tennessee

township and lived there all his life. He attended the Hills Grove Seminary for a time.

Like all pioneers ne had many hardships. I

have heard father say that when he was a child they went bare foot till winter; when going for the cows on a cold, frosty morning, if they found them lying down, they would drive them up and stand on the ground where the cows had been lying to warm their feet.

In 1860 he was married to Nancy Lawyer, daughter of Michael Lawyer, one of the pioneers of Tennessee township; their married life lasted forty years and in that time they never spent a Sunday apart. The mothers of those times had various duties unknown to the present generation, such as spinning the yarn and knitting socks for the family, making rag carpets and tallow

Benjamin Waddill.

BENJAMIN WADDILL was born May 9, 1834, and the McDonough county history of 1885 says "on the farm owned by V. B. Gilchrist where his father's family lived for a short time after coming to this county from the state of Tennessee."

In 1861 he was married to Margaret Lawyer. Charles and Benjamin were brothers and married sisters, lived on adjoining farms all their lives and are now lying side by side in the King cemetery. They were never apart from each other for longer than a week in their lives. Together

candles. I have the candle molds which my mother used.

Father worked some at grading on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, when it was being built through his farm. Father and mother lived on this same farm till their death. Mother died in 1900, aged 62 and father in 1917, aged 87.

Their children are James M. and John W., of Tennessee, and William M., of Centerville, Mississippi. There was also a niece who lived in their home, Mrs. Mina Griffiths Roberts.

they cut the timber from their land and broke it with oxen and it was while they were breaking this ground that Benjamin was bitten on the thumb by a rattle snake.

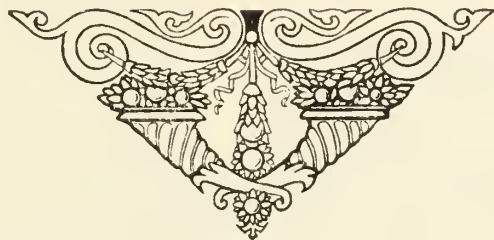
Benjamin Waddill died on this farm which had once been his fathers at the age of 84. His wife died in February, 1903.

When he had passed the three score and ten years he united with the Christian church and his church work was a great pleasure to him. He was interesting in his conversation, was very

fond of his horses and kept a good herd of registered cattle.

They had four daughters: Mrs. Callie

Brickell and Mrs. Anna Vaughn are now deceased; Mrs. Emma Flynn, who resides in Macomb, Ill.; and Mrs. Ella Riley, of Colmar, Ill.



CHARLES WESLEY WADDILL

MRS. CANDACE WADDILL GALLAHER, GRANDDAUGHTER.

WESLEY WADDILL was a younger brother of John Waddill and his birth on July 16, 1813, was at their old home place in Tennessee. In 1833 the family were on their way to Illinois and while camped near Beardstown witnessed that wonderful meteoric display on the night of the 12th of November which has made that date memorable.

His father Charles Waddill, who died in 1852, came with him and chose the location on section 32 in Tennessee township which was the home of some member of the family for over eighty years.

Mr. Waddill knew the hardships of the early settler but by careful saving became the owner of 400 acres of land. It has been said that no one ever asked him for a favor and was refused. He held the respect of all who knew him. He was familiarly known as Colonel Waddill because of being commander of a company of riflemen which met at Hills Grove for drill. He was also a physician and was successful in his practice.

On December 2, 1845 he was united in marriage with Mary E., daughter of Michael and

Sarah (Parker) Lawyer; she was born in Fayette county, Ohio, in 1825 and came with her parents to Illinois in 1837. After the death of her husband which occurred April 9, 1857, she remained on the farm and proved herself a capable business woman. She was a thoughtful friend and neighbor and when sickness was in other homes they often came for Aunt Mary (as she was generally called) before sending for a doctor. When her children had moved to their own homes, she lived with her daughter for the remaining twenty-eight years of her life. She died February 16, 1907, when 82 years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. Waddill were the parents of four children: Sarah S. was born Dec. 8, 1846, and died April 5, 1917; on May 9, 1867, she married J. D. Tabler who still survives her. Charles R., whose birth was on March 8, 1850, died Jan. 3, 1921; on Aug. 18, 1887, he was married to Hannah E. Follen, who died Jan. 26, 1907. Michael L. was born March 20, 1852, and died Feb. 17, 1890; he was married on Oct. 5, 1876, to Joe Annah Hughes who is now living in California. On August 27, 1855, was the birth of Thomas W., and his death on May 10, 1909; he was married

Oct. 24, 1878 to Louie Phillips who died April 19, 1921, and three years later he was again married to Ida Jenkins who lives with her brother, James near Tennessee.

There was also in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Waddill a sister, Miss Rachael, who is affectionately remembered by all who knew her. She was often found wherever help was needed because of sickness and would stay for weeks if necessary. She always refused pay for her work

because she felt it was her Christian duty to care for those who were suffering.

She was often busy with her needle, her spinning wheel and loom, and the beautiful quilts and counterpanes which she made are much prized by members of her family.

She loved her flower garden and there are today roses and hardy phlox at the old homestead that whisper each recurring spring of the life which her relatives love to remember.



ISAAC CLARK WEBB

THOMAS I. WEBB, SON.

ISAAC WEBB was born near Rutland, Vermont, Sept. 27, 1815. His parents were George W. and Priscilla (Clark) Webb. He came to Illinois in 1834 and taught school for a time. In August, 1843, he married Elizabeth King Fulkerson, daughter of James and Elizabeth Fulkerson, who was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, Nov. 16, 1820, coming with her parents to Illinois when eleven years of age; she was also a school teacher.

After their marriage, father engaged in farming; he was also a carpenter and cabinet maker, often making coffins as there were no casket factories then. These caskets were made of walnut, smoothed, polished, varnished, put together with screws and lined with plain white cambric tacked onto the wood; no pretty lace or fluffy white silk lining as we have today.

Grandfather Fulkerson's family were strictly religious and the circuit rider, on horse-back carrying saddle bags (which contained his clothes and bible), always found a welcome at their cabin home. The religious services were greatly enjoyed by the settlers, some of whom came many miles. Peter Cartwright often preached in this home and spent the night there.. As money was

scarce they had none for the circuit-rider but rewarded him with something substantial on these memorable visits; sometimes it would be bacon, a ham or a sack of flour; sometimes a suit of clothes made of homespun by these careful housewives and colored with walnut hulls, sumac berries and indigo; a long tedious process that the present generation know nothing about.

Some wild animals still found a hiding place in the timber. I remember mother telling that when she and father were coming home one night from grandfather's, they heard stealthy steps and knew some animal was following. When they stopped to listen the steps would stop and when they walked into the moonlight they saw a lynx. Since they were carrying a little child they hastened home even then putting a lighted candle in the window which sent the intruder back to the woods. There were also wildcats and wolves which caused much uneasiness to the settlers.

Father's family moved to Galesburg in the spring of 1867, where he died December 23, 1877, and mother died October 24, 1887. Patience Stoner died in 1881 and John, her twin brother, in 1872. Charles L. died in 1884. These are

buried in Hope cemetery in Galesburg. George W., the oldest, born June 20, 1844, heard the call for volunteers in the war of the rebellion, enlisted December 12, 1861, and was No. 4 in Co. A. of Yates Sharp Shooters; was in the service at New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Pittsburg Landing, through the long siege of Corinth and in the battle of Iuka. After the hardships of the siege he was sick but recovered in time to take part in the battle of Corinth. He died of typhoid pneumonia November 17, 1862, at the hospital in Corinth and is buried in the National cemetery at that place. He gave his life for his country when only 18 years of age. James F. Webb, born February 23, 1846, was a locomotive engineer for over forty-three years, retiring on a pension given by the Santa Fe and died November 12, 1910, six months later at Wichita, Kansas; he was buried in Fort Madison, Iowa.

Eliza Ross Webb, born August 15, 1853, wife of J. H. Drury, died in Los Angeles, California, and is buried in beautiful Rosemont cemetery of that city where flowers bloom and birds sing all the year. Martha Lutheria, born June 18, 1858, married S. Ervin and died October 15, 1911, in Wichita, Kansas, and is buried there. Harry Clark Webb, born August 3, 1863, died at Albuquerque, New Mexico, February 15, 1925; he was the youngest of the family. Of this large family of twelve children only two are left: Mary M., of Wichita, Kansas, who was the wife of George H. Ervin, deceased, and Thomas I. Webb, of Hills Grove.

Father, mother and ten children have crossed over to the other side. "We are going down the valley one by one."

REV. JAMES KING

JOHN RICHARD KING, GRANDSON.

REV. JAMES KING was born April 13, 1778, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth King, who sailed from Dublin in 1755. He was educated at Middletown, Pennsylvania, completing his common school studies, together with geometry, trigonometry and surveying in his 17th year. With his parents he moved to Jonesboro, Tennessee, in 1795, and prepared himself for the ministry. In 1806 he was placed in charge of a circuit at Chillicothe, Ohio, by Dr. Tiffin, a Methodist minister, who was then governor of the state of Ohio.

November 7, 1810, Rev. King was made an elder by Bishop McKendree. He was married to Miss Lydia Tilton at Lexington, Kentucky, while he was a circuit rider. They moved to the state of Tennessee where they remained more than twenty years. On December 24, 1831, he was admitted to the practice of medicine. He moved to the vicinity of Hills Grove, McDonough county, Illinois, October 18, 1835, and on November 7, of the same year entered the southwest quarter

of section four, Lamoine township, for which a patent was issued to him on October 10, 1840, by Martin Van Buren, then president of the United States. Rev. King resided on this land until 1846 when he removed to Prairie City and Bushnell townships.

The administrators of his estate sold the land in Lamoine township to Thomas Tabler, later owned by J. D. Tabler and at present by his son, Herbert Tabler, and daughter, Mrs. Louise Sweasy. Rev. King reserved the plot of ground in the northeast corner known as the King graveyard in which James King, his son, is buried. Rev. and Mrs. King's family consisted of five sons and two daughters: Thomas, Richard Tilton, James, John W., Clark, Mrs. David Kepple, and Mrs. J. F. Tannehill.

Rev. James King, one of the pioneer preachers of Illinois, and his good wife were greatly interested in the building up of the churches and schools.

ISAAC HOLTON

JULIA HOLTON FERRIS, DAUGHTER.

ISAAC HOLTON was born March 13, 1790, at Westminster, Vermont; was married January 5, 1827, to Phoebe Arnold, daughter of Seth and Esther Ranney Arnold, born January 29, 1798, at Westminster, Vermont.

Mr. Holton prepared for college at the Academy of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the university of Vermont at Burlington in 1814. While a student here he saw the land and naval battle at Plattsburg and on Lake Champlain. Among his classmates were Constantine Gilman, Isaac Moore and Erastus Root, M. D. He read law with his brother, John, in Springfield, Vermont, and later with the Hon. William C. Bradley, of Westminster. After a brief law practice he accepted a position as teacher, in which profession he was eminently successful. He commenced teaching as principal of the academy at Chester, Vermont, and successfully filled the same position in South Berwick and Limerick, Maine, and Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Having purchased some tracts of land called "Patent Quarters" in McDonough county, Illinois, he decided to emigrate to the then "Far West."

In September, 1835, he left Vermont with his family, accompanied also by his brother, William, whose children, John and Isabel, came with him. Isabel helped mother with the children. Mother carried Charles on a pillow all the way. With a one-horse wagon driven by the nephew and a two-horse wagon which contained supplies for the trip and the new home, they undertook the long and perilous journey, lasting fourteen weeks, reaching their future home December 15, 1835. They found on the land an unoccupied log cabin of which they took possession. It was perhaps eighteen feet square, one room, a clapboard roof, puncheon floor, no windows, light coming in by the door when open. Fortunately that winter was a very mild one. A little light came through the poorly chinked logs and mother said she could see the stars through holes in the roof. After the long and trying journey, they were glad to find any place they could call home.

Our family at this time consisted of father, mother and four children, Seth, Rebecca, John and Charles. I was born the following March. Many years passed before we had anything but the bare necessities of life.

As soon as the seminary was completed, father began teaching the school, having pupils from the primer to the higher branches, even having a number who came from other localities. He was also made postmaster, which was a great convenience as heretofore we had received our mail from a neighboring town. Macomb, twelve miles away was the county seat and much business was done there, but Warsaw was the nearest trading point. There were occasional church services by ministers from nearby towns and later the Methodist circuit riders came at stated times. Each family took its turn in entertaining the minister. A Congregational church was formed and Sabbath school regularly sustained.

After teaching there for twelve years, a committee from Carthage urged father to come there to teach, which he did. When we moved to Carthage, Mrs. Minerva Holton Gilchrist, a niece of father's, was appointed postmistress, which office she held until it was abandoned as too small to be maintained. She was the first woman to hold that position in this part of the country.

Father taught in Carthage one year, after which failing health compelled him to give up teaching altogether. He returned to his old home where he lingered in failing health for two years, the end coming June 26, 1850, at 60 years of age.

My father was a very religious man, very strict in his observance of the Sabbath—Sunday commenced at six o'clock Saturday night. After the necessary chores were done, all but the indispensable cooking and house work was dispensed with. If mail was received late Saturday evening, it was laid away unopened until Monday morning. At that time there was a great prejudice against eastern people, "Yankees," but father's interest in the children and young people disarmed their distrust and eventually they joined with him in his plan for the betterment of conditions.

I remember Indians (probably Sacs and Foxes) on their way to their reservation talking with father. It is supposed that a certain place west of our home had been their camping ground, for arrow heads, stone hatchets and other Indian implements have been found there. A company of young bucks rode through our yard and garden helping themselves to whatever they wished. Rebecca snatched me up and hid in a closet under the stairs until she thought it safe to come out. They were friendly Indians and as father showed himself friendly, there was no more trespassing.

Our family consisted of seven children: Seth Arnold, Rebecca Ranney, John Ambrose, Charles

Augustus, Julia Esther, Anna Phoebe and Joel Alexander. Anna died at the age of nine and Joel at twenty. The three brothers served in the Civil War. Seth and John were connected with the Medical Depository at Washington, D. C. After the war, Seth had a position in the Pension Department at Washington for a great many

years and died at the home of his sister, Julia Holton Ferris, at Carthage, Illinois, in 1908. John became a dentist and died in 1873 in Arkansas. Charles was a minister in the United Brethern church and died in 1887 in Blackstone, Illinois. Rebecca, who married Rev. Joseph Mason, died in Godfrey, Illinois, in 1881.



ANDREW JOSEPHUS WALKER

MRS. MARY WALKER THOMPSON, DAUGHTER.

ANDREW WALKER and Elizabeth Caroline Taylor were married February 16, 1837, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Nancy Ann Brooks, near Springfield, Hampshire county, West Virginia. The large stone house in which the ceremony was performed is still standing.

Mr. Walker had made a trip to Illinois in 1836 and entered a claim for government land, so he and his bride started at once for the west. They made the journey in a large, blue, boat-shaped, covered wagon, with heavy tires.

When Mr. and Mrs. Walker arrived at Hills Grove, they stayed at the home of "Uncle Abe Fulkerson" while their cabin was being built one and one-fourth miles north of the seminary.

This log cabin had two doors and two windows, the doors opening with the proverbial latch-string which was pulled in at night. They moved into this cabin before the doors were hung and Mrs. Walker often spoke of her terror at night as she listened to the wolves howl when only a blanket was hung over the door for protection. She thought of the pack of wolves that had chased Elijah Tyrrell up a tree and of the bear

and panther some one had killed. Prairie wolves used to eat crumbs and scraps around the cabin door.

Gradually Mr. and Mrs. Walker added to the comforts of their pioneer home. They made their own furniture: chairs with hickory bark seats, tables, two beds and a trundle bed. Spun cotton, made into five-pound bunches, was purchased and colored and woven into cloth from which garments for the family were made.

As the children came, they all enjoyed gathering around the large stone fireplace with its chimney made from sod cut from the prairie; here they cracked nuts and parched corn.

Eleven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Walker, among them being three pairs of twins. Those born in the cabin home were Mary, William, James and John (twins), Henry and Annie (twins), Martha and Margaret. William, John and Annie died there.

In 1852 a frame house was built in a grove of hickory trees a short distance east of the cabin home on section 20. This house had windows with the numerous window panes found in colo-

lonial homes, there being twelve windows with twelve panes each. Here Brainard and Isabella (twins) and Henrietta were born and on this spot Henry lived continuously from 1852 until his death ten years ago.

Mary, James, Henry, Martha and Margaret attended the Hills Grove seminary and Mary, who is 87 years old, is the only one living today. She remembers well the great respect they all had for their teachers, how the boys all removed their hats or caps and made a polite bow, and the girls took hold of their skirts and made a courtesy when they entered the door.

First thing in the morning a chapter was read from the bible and prayer was offered by the teacher. Water was carried from a neighboring well and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to go for water and pass it around in the school. All drank from the same dipper and were well and happy in those days before germs were discovered.

There are still living of this family, Mrs. Mary S. Thompson, of Galesburg, Ill., Brainard, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Isabella Glasgow, of near Good Hope, Ill.



CHARLES GRANDISON GILCHRIST

MRS. ALICE FERRIS MARTIN, GRANDDAUGHTER.

CHARLES G. GILCHRIST was born in Walpole, New Hampshire on May 27, 1802. His parents were Samuel and Betsey Allen Gilchrist, she being a niece of Colonel Ethan Allen, famous for his deeds in the Revolutionary War. He married Miss Minerva Holton on December 31, 1829. She was born October 18, 1805 at Westminster, Vermont and was a descendant of Edward Winslow who came to America from England a short time after the Mayflower brought the original Puritan forefathers here. He had a brother who came over on that ship. While Miss Holton lived in her native state she taught school and received as her wages one dollar per week and "boarded round."

This husband and wife first settled in Saxton's River, Vermont, remaining there until 1837, when they departed for Illinois by team and wagon with their family which then consisted of Helen Minerva, born October 23, 1831, at Saxton's River; Charles Allen born February 13, 1834, at the same place and David Van Brugh who was born April 11, 1836, at Westminster. Upon their arrival in Illinois the family settled at Hills Grove in McDonough county. Later two more children

were born: Erastus, on September 8, 1839, at Hills Grove and Edward who was born on January 18, 1846, at Westminster, Vermont.

The first home in Illinois was a log cabin and later the family lived for one year in a two-story house in that community owned by a Rev. Williams. They then built a house called the red house and after a few years a frame house, a part of which still stands.

Erastus died at the age of eleven years, October 24, 1851.

All of the children attended school at the seminary in their early days and four of them went to school at different places away from their home.

Helen departed for New York City when she was twelve years old in company with a Mrs. Dowd. In New York she attended a school for young ladies, making her home with her aunt, Miriam, a sister of Mrs. Gilchrist. In her letters during that time (which are still kept) she writes of having seen Tom Thumb, of hearing Jennie Lind sing and also tells of studying French, paint-

ing, music, dancing and of her other studies. She returned to her home in Illinois in 1849. The piano, which her aunt had given her, was shipped by sailing vessel to New Orleans, up the Mississippi to Warsaw and taken by wagon to the home at Hills Grove. This was the first piano in McDonough county and people came miles to see it and hear "Haste to the Wedding," "Campbells are Coming," "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," and other melodies which she played; it is greatly prized, being now owned by her daughter, Mrs. Lelia Lionberger. Later Helen attended for a time a boarding school which was conducted by Miss Doty. On May 23, 1850, she was married to Dr. Leonard T. Ferris, of Fountain Green, Illinois; she lived here the greater portion of her life, moving to Carthage, Illinois, after her husband's death and dying there on April 8, 1912.

Charles Allen attended school in New York City and also at Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Union Army and remained in the service until the end, during which time he was advanced to the rank of Brigadier General. After receiving his discharge he followed the profession of a civil engineer, surveying many of the railroads which pass through this and other parts of the country; one of them being the Chicago, Burlington &

Quincy which passes near his old home. On October 1, 1857, he was married to Lucy Ellen Walker. He died January 3, 1906.

Van Brugh attended school with his brother, Charles, in New York City, going there when he was thirteen years of age and remaining three years. In 1854 when eighteen years old, he joined a company starting for the gold fields of California; he helped in driving a large herd of sheep across country; he returned after seven years to his old home at Hills Grove, where he bought the farm on which he lived the remainder of his life. On December 4, 1862, he was married to Miss Sarah A. Robinson. He died March 8, 1914.

Edward M. Gilchrist attended school at Hills Grove and later at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. On July 16, 1862, when sixteen years old he ran away from home, enlisted in the Union Army and during his service was made Captain. When in camp at Vicksburg he was so ill with typhoid that he was thought to be dead and his measure taken for a coffin; his brother, Charles, was notified, took charge of the case and nursed him back to health. He was later a civil engineer and was with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy in various capacities for thirty-one years. On December 25, 1866, he was married to Miss Mary J. Botts,

who died in 1881; later he married Miss Lucretia Allton. Edward Gilchrist died July 16, 1910, being killed in a railroad accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Gilchrist lived at Hills Grove on their farm the remainder of their

lives. Mr. Gilchrist died in 1882 and his wife in 1874.

It can be truly said of them that they and their children proved to be good citizens, respected and honored by all of their friends and acquaintances.



ASAL OWEN

WILLIAM S. OWEN, GRANDSON.

DR. ASAL OWEN, an early resident of Hills Grove settlement, was born near Kenton Station, later called Washington, the county seat of Mason county, Kentucky, on December 8, 1792. His father, William Owen had a good friend named Whittlesey who was a government agent to the Shawnee Indians who were then on a reservation in Ohio. This Whittlesey sent word to the Owen family and some of their neighbors that if they would come to him he would help them get some extra fine land; so Asal Owen's parents and an uncle, also two men named Taylor and Moody loaded their families, with a few household goods, into wagons and started to Ohio. They located near Nettle Creek in Champaign county among the Indians. Asal Owen's playmates were for the most part Indian boys; he learned their language and became skiled with a gun and in hunting and fishing. The medicine man taught him the plants and barks they used for medicine and the diseases they would cure.

In spite of his surroundings he craved an education and determined to get one. He was nearly grown when he began to study in earnest, but by patient, persistent effort he gained a praiseworthy measure of learning; ne studied medicine with a Dr. Lester and became a physi-

cian. He was an ordained Baptist preacher. He was a "book worm" and the lure of writing both prose and poetry, was upon him.

He was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Cowden Grafton, a daughter of Thomas Grafton of St. Paris, Champaign county, Ohio, on July 13, 1815. In 1836 or 1837 Asal Owen and family moved from Ohio into Indiana and from there to Illinois. They arrived at Graves Mill, Hancock county, in 1840; in a short time crossed over the line into the Hills Grove settlement and this was their home till death claimed them. He served as pastor of various Baptist societies in this and adjoining counties. Wherever he lived he faithfully followed his calling of preaching the Gospel and doctoring sick folks.

Asal Owen and wife were the parents of the following children: Mrs. Hester Ann Burdick, Mrs. Louisa Tabler, Mrs. Sarah Salisbury, Bethel, Ambers, William, Mrs. Lavina Fulkerson, Thomas, Mrs. Elizabeth Poling, Mrs. Nina Sidwell and Asa Kenton Owen. The youngest son, who died at his home in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, two years ago, was gifted with his pen and the newspaper world had in him an efficient editor; he has given also to the literary world several good articles both prose and poetry.

SAMUEL ADAMS KNOTT

DR. MINERVA KNOTT, GRANDDAUGHTER.

SAMUEL KNOTT, his wife, Susan Heller Knott, (granddaughter of John Heller of Revolution fame) and their children have lived in the memory of the former residents of Hills Grove, Illinois, for over three-fourths of a century—not on account of their riches or show of vanity and power, but because of honest integrity, justice to their fellow man and sincere christian benevolences.

Mr. Knott, who was familiarly known as "Squire," and family lived near Hills Grove on Section 30 of Tennessee township, for a number of years; he obtained the deed for this farm from the government in 1840 and it was in his possession for twenty-five years. Later he moved to Tennessee where he had a store and also served as justice of the peace for that locality for many terms. His judicial ability and judgment was considered by many equal to that of the average practicing attorney. Samuel Knott was given the name Adams because his mother was a direct descendant of President John Quincy Adams.

Their children were Mary, Isaiah, Minerva, Helen and Thompson; Mary, Minerva and Helen

died in young womanhood and with their mother are buried in the Hills Grove cemetery.

Mary and Isaiah attended the Hills Grove seminary under the beloved teacher, Isaac Holton. Mary taught school in that locality for several years and was highly esteemed for her fine mind and strong Christian character. Isaiah Knott studied medicine at St. Louis, Missouri, returning to Illinois where he practiced his profession for a number of years. In 1858 he was married to Mary Ann Wolfe, a niece of Mrs. Honor Bacon.

In 1866 they moved to Marceline, Missouri, where they lived till the death of Dr. Knott, November 29, 1904, and of Mrs. Knott, February 3, 1912.

A few years after Dr. Isaiah Knott moved to Missouri, Samuel Adams Knott and son Thompson also moved to the same state where the father died September 20, 1871; Thompson Knott died (without heirs) July 27, 1880.

Dr. Isaiah Knott and wife had nine children: Susan Louise, Emma Helen and Samuel Harvey

were born at Tennessee, Illinois, and the latter two are still living at Marceline, Missouri; Susan Green died September 8, 1918. The other children are; Dr. Minerva Knott, Glendale, California; Fred Knott, of Salisbury, Missouri; Mary Maughs, Marceline, Missouri; Dr. Isaiah Knott, Jr., Montrose, Colorado; and Rose Edith Morrow, who also lives at Marceline; Dr. Albert W. Knott died at Montrose, Colorado, on January 2, 1918.

Dr. Isaiah Knott has twenty-two grandchild-

ren now entering into various business interests of life. Pardon me if it seems boastful to state in this age of wild reckless living, that the descendants of Samuel Adams Knott have always held positions of honor and trust and not one of them has ever been under arrest for any form of misdemeanor or lawlessness.

"All the day long he dealeth graciously and lendeth; and his seed is blessed."



LARKIN CROUCH BACON

MRS. MARY BACON JOHNSON, DAUGHTER.

LARKIN BACON, the son of Joseph Barnes and Agnes (Crouch) Bacon, was born near Jonesboro, Tennessee, May 2, 1818. His grandfather, Isaac Bacon, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and his father, Joseph Barnes Bacon, was captain of a volunteer company in the war of 1812 and served under General Jackson in the southern campaign. Father's parents moved to Illinois in 1834 and were among the early settlers in the vicinity of the town of Tennessee which was named in memory of their native state.

He attended the Holton seminary at Hills Grove, founded by Professor Isaac Holton.

In 1841 Mr. Bacon was married to Miss Honor Durbin and bought a farm at Hills Grove which was their home for the rest of their lives. Their children were: Sarah Arabelle, Mary Ann, Sarah Alice, George Washington, Sophronia Palestine, Joseph Barnes, James Harrison, Harvey McCutcheon, Louisa and Fannie. Those now living are Mary who is Mrs. Mason M. Johnson, of Carthage, Illinois; Sarah Alice, whom we know

as Mrs. Damon G. Tunnicliff, of Chicago; Dr. Joseph B. Bacon, of Macomb, Illinois; James H. Bacon, of San Diego, California, and Harvey M. Bacon, of El Paso, Texas. Mrs. Honor Bacon died in 1864, and later Mr. Bacon married Mrs. Louisa (Latimer) Meek. Their children were Clara, Nancy, Larkin William and Agnes, of whom Clara and Agnes survive and are living in Baltimore, Maryland.

Mr. Bacon and his family were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in which for a great many years he was superintendent of the Sunday School, efficient and always faithful. He also took great interest in educational matters. He was a school trustee for over twenty-five years, and used his influence to secure as teachers well educated men and women who could prepare their pupils to enter college, a privilege of which many of the next generation availed themselves.

Mr. Bacon had one of the most carefully managed farms in McDonough county, well stocked and improved in every way. There he died October 24, 1877.

JOHN J. SALISBURY

CHARLES T. SALISBURY, SON.

BEFORE mother's death she gave me notes and dates of our family history and, sad to relate, the things that later I would have prized so highly I did not then think were of any value.

My father, John J. Salisbury, IV., was of English descent for his great grandfather, John J. Salisbury, I., came to America with the army of King George III., to quell the uprising of the colonists; he quickly took in the situation, joined the colonists and fought with them until the close of the war. He followed the sea until he was recognized by an officer of an English vessel; for fear of being returned to his native country he fled to the interior where he later married and to them were born William and John J. Salisbury II.

The younger son, when he reached manhood, pushed on toward the west where he drove an ox team between trading posts; to him and his wife were given two children, John J. Salisbury III., and Helen. Their home was in Champaign county, Ohio.

This son, who was my grandfather, was killed in a clearing accident. The shock of his death, coupled with the burning of their cabin

home on the night of my father's birth (on a hastily constructed bed in a wagon box under a chestnut tree), caused my grandmother's death. In a short time father and his brother William were twice orphaned.

These boys were cared for by friends till fifteen and seventeen years old when they came west with some neighbors and other orphans. The company camped on St. Mary's Prairie in Illinois and from that time father had a home with William Barnes, who lived in this vicinity, till his marriage in September, 1843. His brother, William, went to Missouri where he was overseer of a woodman's camp which finally grew into the city of Salisbury.

My mother, daughter of Asa and Elizabeth Owen, was born April 2, 1820, in Westville, Ohio, and later moved with her parents to Philometh, Indiana, where she met and married William M. Green, September 3, 1836, and to them was born one son, William Mortimer Green, in Urbana, Ohio. Her husband died in 1839 and mother returned to her parents in Illinois.

Mrs. Green met John Salisbury at a picnic at Graves' mill. A baby had been lost and a young

mother was excitedly imploring everybody to find her boy; a tall young man with black hair came toward the crowd from the mill race and delivered a scared little toddler to an equally scared little mother. They were later married in the Hills Grove seminary by Rev. Capman after the morning sermon and the entire village repaired to Dr. Owen's home for a wedding dinner.

Their children were Helen, deceased at 72; Ambros L., who died at 39; Elizabeth, who lived to be 69; William O., 72 years of age, lives at Britton, Oklahoma, where he owned and worked a section of land till he lost his son, Earl, and now lives with his daughter, for his wife and two sons have passed on; Joseph G., 70 years old is a bachelor, also lives in the same state and has been blind since 21 years of age; Avis C., aged 68, lives in Pawnee county where he won a farm when Uncle Sam parceled out the land secured from the Indians; Charles T., 66 years old who never wandered far from the old home, lives in Galesburg and is employed by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company in the office of the Over, Short and Claim department; Homer died when 10 years old and James C. at 28, he being also a railroad man.

*"When the one grand scorer comes
To write against our name,*

*He will not write how we lost or won
But how we played the game."*

Our old Hills Grove people who shared each others joys and sorrows will have nothing to fear; they played the game square.

A Story.

May I relate one act of real deviltry pulled off by some very likable boys of former days? No names will be mentioned because some of the actors in this near tragedy are still living, although fifty summers have come and gone. Another reason for not mentioning names is because Dolph Long and John Morrow made a vow that the culprits would rest in jail when discovered.

Two of the McDonough boys gave a "Ring around a Rosy" and "Who's got the Thimble" party. When the invitations were issued, for reasons best known to them, some of these lovable boys were left out (although their best girls were there) and these same boys swore vengeance.

The time was June. A big round moon, giving off a soft mellow glow, made it an ideal night for exhilarant youth to whisper sweet nothings in the ear of the other fellow's girl. This party was made up of John, Sadie and Josie Morrow, Dolph

Long, Anna and Vina Barker, Doug Griffiths, Nellie Owen and Dolph and George McDonough and a few others..

These young villians, to make good their oath of vengeance, took two four-gallon milk pails and niled them from the milk-man's best friend, the pump. They hid themselves behind the hedge on Charles Gilchrist's old home where the road turns toward the Hills Grove burying ground. West of this corner was a white oak tree (still standing) and later was destined to be the saviour of this party of merry-makers.

At this point the young culprits, waiting like jungle beasts for their prey, finally heard the chatter of the innocent victims and the dull thud of the plodding mule team (2:30 a. m.) At the moment the wagon brushed the corner, up rose the ghosts of outraged affection and the deluge of Noah's day was a small affair (so the girls said) to the water that swept over the occupants of that wagon.

Then the unexpected happened; the team started to run (so did the above named boys),

the girls screamed and the mules ran into the aforesaid oak tree, broke the wagon tongue and the lower order of animals stood looking into the wagon at the higher order of animals.

One laughable feature was when the entire village gathered around the weeping girls and helpless boys and Van Gilchrist said to John, the driver, "Why did you let the mules get a start?" and he answered without thinking, that he could not find the lines. Moral: Never drive mules unless you have a good hold on the lines.

Had this badly disarranged party taken a good look at a suspect that the writer thinks was one of the culprits, although in bed, they would have found that he was not asleep. Furthermore, if the wise one of the party had put his ear to the ground he would have heard the hoof beats of a high-spirited sorrel galloping toward the east, across the railroad, veering to the right down through the timber and stop at the gate of a certain Aunt Mary. But why go further. I told you some of the actors in this tragedy are still living and if everything was made as clear as mud there might yet be some new faces in Joliet.

ASA DECKER

MRS. MARY DECKER WEBB, DAUGHTER.

ASA DECKER was born in New York near Shawangunk, Ulster county, June 3, 1819. His parents were Cornelius and Gertrude Decker, the father being a thrifty Hollander. Asa was of a family of eleven children and when his mother was left a widow, the children early in life were forced to rely on themselves. He attended school a few months in winter but in summer worked for neighboring farmers for very small wages.

When he reached his majority he felt the longing to own some land. He had heard of the fertile lands of Illinois—"the country away out west," so he left home and mother, coming by canal and the Great Lakes to the land of promise. He stopped in Lamoine township where he worked clearing the timber lands for the early settlers and making rails to fence the same for the magnificent price of 50 cents per hundred; he continued this work for a year when he found employment as a miller at Rockeys mill, a water power mill on Crooked creek southeast of where Colmar now stands. The settlers would come for miles on horseback with their sack of corn or wheat to have it ground, and the miller for his work took "toll".

Here Asa Decker was married in 1845 and went to housekeeping in a one-room cabin. He made a bedstead of hickory poles and their split bottomed chairs of the same material were made by a neighbor; their table was a box which, when the frugal meal was over, was used as a cupboard; a fireplace in one corner served for heating and cooking; thus they began life simply but they were happy for they were working together for a home of their own and here their first child, George, was born.

After a few years they rented land and began farming on what is now the Wybrant farm. About 1851 they bought sixty acres of land from a Mr. Talbot of Ohio, who had entered the land from the government; do not know the price but they bought it on time and once came near losing it; it was hard to meet the payments for prices were low and money scarce. They built a cabin of two rooms one of which was upstairs and on one never to be forgotten day the last dollar was paid and it was theirs. In this cabin I was born. About 1855 father bought forty adjoining acres of Charles G. Gilchrist at \$25.00 per acre and paid for it in gold coin which was carefully hid away in

a tin box under the stairs. This land is now all owned by Mrs. Eugene Ellis.

My brother and I spent our first school days in the old seminary. I remember especially one teacher, J. Berry, who was considered a fine instructor and also his rules were strictly obeyed.

Some of the happenings of those days are indelibly stamped on my memory. Mother would sometimes allow me to spend an afternoon with Aunt Phoebe Holton, visits which were greatly enjoyed by me for I loved her. I can see her yet as she looked then; her face with that pleasant smile, her wavy hair tinged with gray, her dark eyes looking into mine; she greeted me cordially and made me welcome although I was a little child and she an elderly lady.

In those early days there were not many luxuries and then we took our pleasure rides in a wagon sitting on split bottom chairs; I remember going to Macomb in this kind of conveyance to hear Lincoln speak, of seeing the crowd and the two clubs marching: "The Hickory Club" whose suits were of blue and white striped shirting, carrying hickory clubs, and "The Wide Awakes" who carried lighted torches.

Mother died in 1868 and father in 1876. They, with many others whom we loved, rest in the Hills Grove cemetery. There are now living of this family, Mary, wife of T. I. Webb, and Retta, Honor having died in 1914 and George in 1919.

BENEDICT D. REYNOLDS

MRS. LOUISA REYNOLDS WINDOW, DAUGHTER.

*"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view."*

THE old log school house with its high narrow benches, its shady playground and our wonderful Snake-den hollow where wild flowers and ferns grew in abundance; the playhouses were adorned with bright bits of ware; happy the little girl who could claim for her friend a boy who would carry boards and bricks to build a cupboard for those handsome dishes made valuable by enchantment and glamour.

The names we loved to hear have been carved for many a year on granite. I can recall very few who are now among us of that long line that "toed the mark" when the spelling class was called. At the teachers word, "Attention," each boy made a stiff little bow bending his neck and knee, each girl dropped a courtesy and then came the ordeal; from Webster's blue backed spelling book were pronounced such words as cin-na-mon, et-y-mon, etc.; lucky the child who could spell and pronounce each syllable and many of us could recite the whole column without prompting and, oh, the pride with which one would step above those who forgot.

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My school days in the log seminary were after Mr. Holton's death when it was used as a district school building. But even at a tender age life could not be all smiles for the best teachers were intent on keeping good order. An edict had gone forth that we must not whisper; on one fateful day (it must have been an "unlucky Friday"), turning in my seat I asked Mary Bacon "what is Con-stan-ti-no-ple?" and then I received my first humiliation for I was punished.

My parents with all the neighbors worshiped in this same log house. My father was said to be the best dressed man in the house; his Sunday suit of jean was made from the wool he sheared from his own sheep; my mother spun it into yarn, colored and wove it, cut and fitted the suit and sewed it by hand; yet she had time for many little neighborly attentions her descendants of the present generation cannot compass.

Both my parents were well educated for that time; my mother had taught school, my father had traveled; when fourteen years of age he went to sea and his first cruise was through the Mediterranean across the Pacific, around Cape Horn and ended at Baltimore after three years; this

ship, Delaware, was the largest in the navy. For twenty years he was on the Mississippi, Missouri and Illinois rivers, being at one time mate of the Lady of Lyons. On one trip he landed at Beardstown from where he walked across country to Carthage.

My mother was Amelia Thompson. She came with her parents from Hopkinsville, Kentucky to Carthage, Illinois, in the early forties, making the entire trip on horse back.

A few years later, her little niece, Margaret Eliza Thompson, lost her mother by death and became a loved member of our family for several years. She now lives in Passagrill, Florida, the widow of the late Dr. James R. Paine. She went to school at Hills Grove and has a clear picture in her mind of the house, the seat she sat in and many of the boys and girls.



ISAAC FARWELL HOLTON

REV. CHARLES S. HOLTON, SON.

FARWELL HOLTON was born August 30, 1812, in Westminster, Vermont, being the tenth of the twelve children of William and Olive (Rockwood) Holton. Whatever may have been the characteristics of the other members of his family, it is very evident that he was never destined for a farmer. Chafing under its restraints as a boy, when he came to young manhood he followed his yearning for knowledge and won out because of the fact that his father's youngest brother, Isaac, had already been seized with this consuming desire, not alone to learn but to impart learning to others.

Uncle Isaac took up the art of teaching as a form of Christian service. My father attended his school in South Berwick, Maine, and completing his preparation at Amherst Academy, Massachusetts, he entered Amherst College and graduated in 1836. In the previous year there had been quite a family emigration from Westminster to western Illinois in which grandfather and his children joined and Uncle Isaac went out under a true missionary call. They settled in Hills Grove.

Father had been captivated by his study of chemistry and botany; he had also felt the call of

the ministry. While continuing his studies for the latter calling he never ceased to keep abreast of the developing sciences and after graduating from Union Theological Seminary in 1839, he became a teacher in the Mission Institute near Quincy, Illinois.

Numerous stories have been told of his tireless searchings for botanical specimens wherever he might be—how on one of the trips he made from the new western home back to his studies in the east, they were making part of the journey by steamboat, and whenever the boat tied up, father was off over the hills looking for specimens; as the time came for resuming the journey the captain would cry out, "Ring the bell for 'The Weed Man' " and in a few moments he would be seen loping through the fields to the landing with his hands full of the specimens he had gathered.

Concluding his botanical researches in the Mississippi valley, he accepted a professorship in the College of Pharmacy in New York City. During this time he also gave lectures on botany in the schools for young ladies in New York, and occasionally assisted in lecturing on chemistry and botany at Princeton College and the College

of Physicians and Surgeons of the State University of New York. Subsequently he taught these sciences in Middlebury College, Vt., and completed his study of botany with a trip to South America where he spent nearly two years studying the flora and fauna of that country, later publishing a volume entitled "Twenty Months of the Andes." Through a deep friendship with Professors Asa Gray of Harvard and John Torrey of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, (the leading botanists of the country), many specimens from South America found a place in their herbariums while the exchange made my father's herbarium "second to none" as Prof. Gray declared. It is now the possession of Amherst College..

While teaching in Middlebury in 1857 Prof. Holton filled the pulpit of the Congregational Church of Cornwall where he met the daughter of Deacon Dan Warner, whom he married April 26, 1858. They moved to Lawrence, McHenry county, Illinois, where father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Here Clara was born. I have an idea he was too interested in his beloved sciences to give much time to the tasks of parish work for in three years, during which time Nancy Gates was born in Cornwall, Vt. The family settled in Hills Grove, where he attempted to carry on a small farm and pursue his studies, for

father had done a great deal of writing ever since his college days.

Farming was not his forte, that is certain! When he went to the fields, he usually took a book along and the fence corners made a convenient resting place (so I have been told). The surroundings were not like those of their beautiful Vermont home nor were the cries of coyotes at night conducive to mother's happiness.

Soon after Edward Payson was born in '64, father was called to aid in editing the "Boston Recorder" and the family moved to Medford, a suburb of Boston. Father became a bosom friend of Charles Sumner whose name he gave to his next son who was born in '66; I later had the pleasure of sitting on his lap and hearing him tell stories.

The family moved to Everett where father became one of its most honored citizens and where he lived until his death, January 25, 1874. Mother bravely took up the task of educating her children; Clara graduating at 15 began to teach in Vermont, because of her youth, but later taught in Everett till her death in 1879. Nina went right into her sister's position and taught till both boys were prepared for college, Edward graduating from Amherst in '87, and Charles two years later. Nina then continued studying the

sciences her father had loved, spending a year in Zurich, Switzerland, and graduating from Chicago University in 1896. After teaching a while she entered a governmental position in 1902 in the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Agricultural Department in Washington, D. C., as a microscopist and doing translating and abstracting till her death in May, 1908.

Edward graduated from Yale Divinity School and went as a Missionary to Madura Mission in Southern India, where he has since been working. Charles studied in Yale, graduated from Andover, and is at present pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newbury where he has been for twenty-eight years.



VILLAGE OF HILLS GROVE

MRS. ELVA GILCHRIST RINEHART.

THE name Hills Grove was suggested by Mrs. Esther Hill, a sister of Mrs. Isaac Holton, whose husband took up some land near here. It was laid out by Samuel A. Hunt, February 22, 1844, and deeded April 3 of the same year to Town Plat of Hills Grove by Isaac Holton.

There are ten blocks in the plat, three on the east side of Main Street, which is now a public road, and seven, one of which is the public square, on the west. There were at one time in and adjoining the corporate village thirteen homes, a blacksmith shop, two stores and a post office which was kept in a private home.

Isaac Webb lived north of where the church now stands and afterwards in the same house lived a Mr. Sullivan and later John Newkirk who was his son-in-law. A little northeast of the present school building was a log house where Squire Nichols lived and then Mr. Towe and Mr. George Decker and wife began housekeeping here.

East of the above named school house but on the same block was the home where Harriet Macklin took the vows which made her Mrs. William Potter. West of this same school building

was a one-room cabin where Tom Richardson lived. On Hickory street, which was south of the school lot was a log building where Jacob Fousal lived and a two-story frame occupied by William Odell and which he sold in 1855 to Allen Porter for \$305.00. On the corner of Hickory and Main was a busy blacksmith shop run by James Peck, Mr. Pierce and later by Mr. Duncan.

On the corner of Hill and Main was a one and one-half story frame house built by John C. Conant, a cabinet maker; in the same house later lived Mr. Starboard who had a cooper shop back of his home. Those of a later generation will remember it as the home of the John Salisbury family.

On the corner of Prairie and Main was the two-story frame built by Rev. D. R. Williams and was then an unusually fine home; Mrs. Julia Ferris remembers how she thought it would be a wonderful experience to look out of those upstairs windows. During the gold excitement he went to California and returned in 1852 because of failing health, but before he reached his home, he grew worse and died at Pennington's Point.

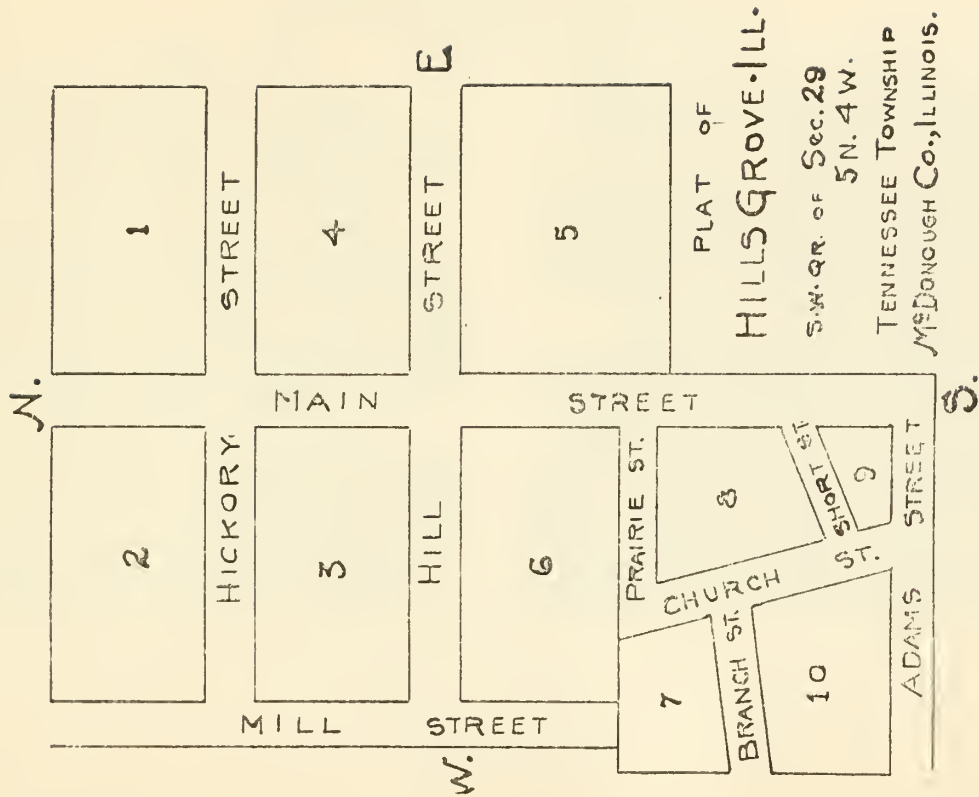
He owned the first melodeon in the county which now belongs to Miss Anna Owen.

Fronting the square, which was south of Prairie and west of Main streets, were the two stores owned respectively by William Odell and Hampton Wade. Near the south side of the square was the home of Mrs. Parker whose yard was a flower garden and in a house north of where his father lived was the home of John Holton and later of Malcolm Stewart. There was also the Isaac Holton home and that of Charles Gilchrist which was located on Adams street and the house near the three walnut trees where Farwell Holton lived.

The old time hospitality is shown by this clipping from a diary written in 1842: "We all went to Church this morning and twenty-five ate dinner with us."

One cannot but think how independent each settlement could be; they had their own teachers, preacher, doctor, nurses, dentist and legal adviser; they made their own lumber, had their own cooper and cabinet maker and on their farms they grew practically all that they needed.

Of this little village, there stands today a church, schoolhouse and two dwellings.



A SCHOOL OF A LATER DAY

JIREH SWIFT BERRY.

SINCE learning of the book which is being written about the early days of Hills Grove, I have been coaxing my memory to tell me of the boys and girls who were my pupils when I taught there in the fifties, but am not meeting with much success. To go back seventy years and recall those who were starting in their life work is something of an undertaking, nevertheless I remember some of them.

I boarded with Hugh and Mary McDonough and from them learned the history of Snake Den nollow. Their son, Leo, was one of the pupils.

I remember Henry Walker and his younger sisters; Mary, Sarah and George Bacon; Lou Reynolds, Ed Gilchrist, Asal Fulkerson and George and Mary Decker. There were also Lizzie and Maggie Wybrant, Ira and James Groves, Sarah and Charles Waddill, Guinn and Sam Port-

er and I think there were two from the Neal McDonough family. I knew the Salisbury, Webb and Owen families and there were many others whose children attended the school.

The old log school house, which had once been the Seminary, was crowded to its utmost capacity. School houses in those days were not very near each other and the parents of that neighborhood were anxious to give their children all the advantages of an education that was possible.

I recall, without any effort however, the agreeable associations which I had with the people of Hills Grove and I remember with pleasure the friends which I made while there.

My home is in Browning, Illinois, and I will be one hundred and three years old in October.

A TRIBUTE

*As the years have quickly passed,
Many changes have taken place
But memories long will last
And those we love to trace.*

*Like the oak by the side of the road
Isaac Holton's good work has grown;
A tiny seed at first he sowed
But with help it grew and was known.*

*We loved this dear, kind man
With his spirit so noble and true;
And the tree of good he began
Shows its growth by the things we do.*

*In a building of logs he started
His useful work to do
And the knowledge that he imparted
Has lived the long years through.*

*And our friends we also remember
The joys and sorrows we shared,
The quarrels and tears we surrender
But our friendships cannot be spared.*

*A tribute to each one we pay.
And we know that his life has been
Helpful and true in many a way
And a guide for other men.*

RUTH CORNELIA FOLEY.





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